And make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Muſt feele warres blow, who feares not innocence:
Which loue to all, of which thy ſelfe art one,
Who now reprouedſt me for it.

Hell. Alaſſe ſir.

Per. Drew ſleepe out of mine eyes, bloud from my cheekes,
Muſings into my minde, with thouſand doubts
How I might ſtop their tempeſt ere it came,
And finding little comfort to releeue them,
I thought it princely charity to greeue for them.

Hell. Well my Lord, ſince you haue giuen me leaue to ſpeake,
Freely will I ſpeake, *Antiochus* you feare,
And iuſtly too I thinke you feare the tyrant,
Who eyther by publike warre, or priuate treaſon,
Will take away your life: therefore my Lord, goe trauell for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Deſtinies do cut his thred of life: your Rule direct to any, if vnto me, day ſerues not light more faithfull then Ile be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith,
But ſhould he wrong my liberties in my abſence?

Hell. VVee'l mingle our blouds together in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharſus*
Intend my trauaile, where Ile heare from thee;
And by whoſe Letters Ile diſpoſe my ſelfe,
The care I had and haue of Subiects good,
On thee I lay, whoſe wiſedomes ſtrength can beare it,
Ile take thy word for faith, not aske thine oath,
Who ſhuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbes we liue ſo round and ſafe,
That time of both this truth ſhall neere conuince,
Thou ſheweſt a ſubiects ſhine, I a true Prince. *Exit.*

Enter Thaliard ſolus.

Thal. So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, heere muſt I kill King *Pericles*, and if I do it not, I am ſure to be hanged at home: it

it is dangerous.
Well, I perceiue he was a
on, that being bid to aske
hee might know none of
ſome reaſon for it: for if a
bound by the indenture of
Huſht, heere comes the

Enter Hellica
Le

Hell. You ſhall not need
to queſtion me of your Ki
ſion left in truſt with me, d
trauell.

Thal. How? the King g
Hell. If further yet you
licenc'd of your loues) he v
to you: Being at *Antioch*,
Thal. What from *Antio*
Hell. Royall *Antiochus* (
diſpleaſure at him, at leaſt
had erred or ſinned, to ſhev
ſelfe; ſo puts himſelfe vnt
each minute threatens life
Thal. VVell, I perceiue
I would, but ſince hee's g
ſcapte the Land, to periſh a
to the Lords of *Tyre*.
Hell Lord *Thaliard* fro
Thal. From him I come
but ſince my landing I hau
tooke himſelfe to vnknow
from whence it came.
Hell. VVe haue no reaſo
ſter, not to vs; yet ere you
to *Antioch*, we may feaſt in

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH